

The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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VOL. 58.—No. 8.

SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1880.

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TUESDAY ... "24—AMBROISE THOMAS'S "MIGNON."
WEDNESDAY ... "25—"TAMING OF THE SHREW." Katharine, Miss Minnie Hauke (her last appearance in this character this season).
THURSDAY ... "26—"BOHEMIAN GIRL."
FRIDAY ... "27—"AIDA" (last time). Last appearance of Miss Minnie Hauke.
SATURDAY ... "28—Morning, at Two p.m. (doors open at One), AMBROISE THOMAS'S "MIGNON."
" ... "29—Evening, at Half-past Seven, "LILY OF KILLARNEY" (last time). Conducted by the Composer, Sir JULIUS BENEDICT.

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MONDAY, Feb. 23: Overtures, Gounod's *Mireille*, Boieldieu's *Dame Blanche*, Raff's Piano-forte Concerto (Miss Kuhe), Mendelssohn's Violin Concerto (M. Mann); Solo Harmonium, Mr L. Engel; Vocalist, Miss Robertson. TUESDAY, Feb. 24: Weber's Overture, *Euryanthe*, Mr Walter Macfarren's MS. Symphony in B flat (composed expressly), Raff's Gavotte for Piano-forte (Mr Kuhe) and Orchestra, Ballet Music, *Le Roi de Lahore*, Engel's "Elle et lui" (composed expressly), Mendelssohn's Scherzo, Notturmo, and Wedding March (*Midsummer Night's Dream*); Vocalist, Miss Helen Messon. THURSDAY, Feb. 26: Sullivan's *Prodigal Son* and Mr F. King; Mr E. Frou's Organ Concerto (conducted by the Composer); Organ, Mr F. King. FRIDAY, Feb. 27: A Popular Concert: Vocalist, Mr Sims Reeves; Conductors, MM. Kuhe and F. H. Cowen. LAST CONCERT, SATURDAY, Feb. 28: Handel's *Messiah*; Mrs Osgood, Mme Antoinette Sterling, MM. Sims Reeves, Bernard Lane, and Lewis Thomas. Mr Kuhe's Festival Choir. Organ—Mr Crapps, Solo Trumpet—Mr McGrath. Conductor—Mr A. King.

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ADELINA PATTI IN PARIS.

Mdme Adelina Patti appeared last night in *La Traviata* at the Gaité, being the first of twenty performances, to be given by her up to the 15th of May. It was quite an event. So large and fashionable a company, of which the *Gaulois* gives a list, had not been seen for a long time. It reminded one of the grand days of the Empire, if "grand" may be used of a time when the country was unsuspectingly drifting towards unparalleled disasters. Patti's reception was at first rather cool, but at the end of the first act enthusiasm was kindled, and constant plaudits greeted the old favourite of the Parisians. She evinced that rare talent of enrapturing the ear while moving the heart, which has raised her to the highest place among modern female vocalists. There was a universal outcry against the way in which the manager had taken advantage of the curiosity created by Patti's appearance.—*Times Correspondence*, Feb. 16th.

* * * * *

Paris, Sunday Night.

The artistic event of the day is the re-appearance of Mdme Adelina Patti. With the exception of one or two performances at the French Opéra in or about the year 1873, and a concert given at the Trocadéro last autumn, Mdme Patti has not appeared in Paris since the war. It was immediately after this concert that advertisements were issued for a series of performances at the Gaité Theatre, and so great was the sensation she produced in the Concert Hall of the Exhibition that every seat in the theatre was immediately subscribed for. As the time drew near for the "*Diva*" to arrive the anxiety to hear her redoubled, and I happen to know several personal friends who last night paid as much as 150 francs, or £6, not for the *fauteuils d'orchestre*, but for the *stalles de parterre*, or numbered seats in the pit. It is needless to say that the big house was crowded in every part. The same phenomenon, however, was not to be observed which is to be seen during the Italian season in London. The noblesse of the Quartier St Germain was by no means well represented, and, to judge by the quantity of diamonds exhibited, and the general appearance of those present, I should say that the patrons of the theatre consisted chiefly of the rich *bourgeois* element. One of the most prominent boxes was occupied by the family of an American millionaire, and among the oddities of costume I may mention two young ladies, evidently hailing from the other side of the ocean, whose diamond necklaces contrasted strangely with their pea jackets and billycock hats. Handsome dresses were to be seen even in the topmost galleries. Music, art, and literature were scattered all over the house, and, perhaps, the most interesting personage among the audience was Alexandre Dumas, who came to hear the opera founded on his *Dame aux Camélias* interpreted by the greatest lyric-dramatic genius of our time. The reception accorded to Mdme Patti was by no means so enthusiastic or so cordial as that to which she has long been accustomed in London, and it was, perhaps, nervousness that at first interfered with the emission of her incomparable voice, and gave the hearer the momentary impression that the well-remembered tones had lost something of their old velvety quality and indefinable charm. But in the long and brilliant *scena* which brings the act to so effective a conclusion she proved herself as consummate a mistress as ever of the art of vocalisation, and the long, perfectly-sustained shake which she gives out while running off the stage aroused a hurricane of applause. All through this scene, moreover, Mdme Patti showed what enormous progress she has made as an actress since she first appeared in Europe. She looked exceedingly well in her handsome ball-dress, and is so little changed since the day when, nineteen years ago, she first tripped on the stage of Covent Garden in the costume of Amina, as to set those who were then present wondering how, through all the phases of her eventful life and through the gradual, steady development of her commanding genius, she can have maintained the privilege of eternal youth. In the duet with Giorgio Germont her histrionic powers were still more manifest, while in the succeeding ball-room scene her demeanour riveted the attention of the audience. While Alfredo was singing

the passage in which he prepares to throw his purse at her feet, Mdme Patti's expressive face was a study in itself, the anguish on her features as she mutely implores him to hold his hand, giving place to an expression of physical pain when the dreaded blow comes, that explains to a great extent the fate of the heart-broken woman. But it was in the long, trying last act that the actress rose to the full height of the peerless vocalist. Here she had the courage to sing almost throughout in the *mezzo voce*, which she manages so well, and it was only in the last passionate cry for dear life, "*Grand dio morir si giovane*," that she allowed her voice to ring through the house at its full. Such intensity did she throw into this passage, that the audience persisted in crying "*Bis!*" until, most unwisely for the effect of the scene, Mdme Patti sang it again. I have dwelt chiefly on her acting, which, in this last scene especially, is elaborated to the highest possible degree, because of her singing there is nothing more to be said than has been written a thousand times before, and because it was a veritable feat for the "*Diva*" to make any effect whatever in the midst of so ludicrously weak an *entourage*. It was not merely that the *mise-en-scène* was wretched, and that the singers were such as one would expect to find in a fourth-rate Italian town, but that some of them could scarcely make a gesture without exciting the laughter of the spectators. It was, indeed, deplorable to see the great lyric artist in such a place, and thus ill-supported. Fancy her at the Surrey Theatre surrounded by the members of a strolling company, and you may have some idea of the feelings of those who last saw her in the Salle Ventadour, which, thanks to M. de Soubeyran, is now being converted into a bank. Nothing could well exceed the dirt of the corridors or the discomfort of the general accommodation, with those wretched ouvreuses, who are the pest of Parisian theatres, perpetually unlocking doors and letting in keen draughts, and with the noise of altercations going on continually outside. As a friend of mine observed, the Gaité is not a theatre which people are supposed to frequent, and the consequence was that, thanks to the bad construction of the exit and the defective arrangements of the police, the scene at the end of the performance was confusion worse confounded. The Parisians are right to pay as much as they can afford to hear Patti; but they have reason, indeed, to envy you, who can hear her in the splendid comfort of Covent Garden, and supported in such a manner as to throw her genius into still stronger relief.—*Correspondence of the Daily Telegraph*.

ST GEORGE'S HALL, LIVERPOOL.

Programme of the Organ Recital by Mr W. T. Best.

THURSDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 19th, 1880:—

Organ Concerto, in G minor	Handel.
Allegretto, from the Sonata in E minor	Weber.
Allegro Vivace (No. 7 of Nine Organ Pieces)	G. Morandi.
Fugue, in F major, from the Organ School	W. T. Best.
Air, "O salutaris" (<i>Messe Solennelle</i>)	Rossini.
Marche Hongroise, in E minor	F. Liszt.

SONDERSHAUSEN.—Herr G. Kruse, manager of the Court Theatre, celebrated on the 10th inst. his 25th managerial anniversary.

COLOGNE.—Herr S. de Lange has been conducting at the Gürzenich concerts in the place of Ferdinand Hiller, who is unwell. At one of the recent concerts, Mad. Clara Schumann played and the Swedish tenor, M. Henrik Westberg, sang.

LIEGE.—A fresh musical precocity has cropped up. Her name is Julia Folville; she is nine years old, and daughter of a barrister here. She is both pianist and violinist. At a concert given by the Association Artistique, she played Mendelssohn's first pianoforte concerto and Alard's Fantasia on *Faust*.

BRUSSELS.—The Société de Musique gave, on the 8th inst., their grand annual concert, the programme including the first part of M. Lefebvre's *Judith*, M. Massenet's *Eve*, and fragments from the same composer's *Roi de Lahore*. M. Massenet, who was warmly applauded, conducted his own compositions. The Alhambra was densely crowded, and the audience enthusiastic.—M. Jules de Zarembski, the Polish virtuoso, has been appointed Professor of the Piano at the Royal Conservatory, in the place of M. Brassin.

SCRAPS FROM PARIS.

(From our Correspondent.)

Some short time ago, while descending the staircase of his house in the Rue Lord Byron, M. Maurel slipped and hurt himself severely. The accident obliged him to keep his room and deranged M. Vaucorbeil's plans at the Grand Opera, rendering it, among other things, necessary to postpone Mdlle Heilbron's appearance as Ophélie. But "*tout vient à qui sait attendre*." The favourite barytone has recovered from the effects of his fall and the lady has impersonated the ill-starred heroine. In studying the part, she had the advantage of profiting by the hints and advice of the composer himself, and the result is highly satisfactory. She was exceedingly nervous at first, a not extraordinary fact, when we remember that she had as her predecessor in the character no less famous an artist than Mad. Christine Nilsson. But she pretty well regained her self-possession in the trio of the third act. In the fourth, she had entirely got over her nervousness, and the mad scene went well. She is to be congratulated on having passed unscathed through an ordeal of no little risk. She was called on after the fourth act. Mdlle Richard is seen and heard to advantage as the Queen. M. Maurel was much applauded as Hamlet, and seemed to be none the worse for his accident.—Mdlle Jenny Howe has again appeared in *La Juive*. Her singing is as good as ever; her acting, much better. She will no doubt prove a desirable acquisition.—Having returned from Monte Carlo, M. Cohen has resumed his duties on M. Vaucorbeil's staff and his class for concerted singing at the Conservatory.—*Aida* will be produced very shortly. Verdi has come on purpose to superintend the last few rehearsals, and may, perhaps, if *ces Messieurs de l'orchestre* will consent, conduct on the first night.

Le Maçon has been revived at the Opéra-Comique and greeted with delight by every lover of bright and sparkling music. Though dating from 1825, it is still fresh and delightful, exemplifying the dictum that a thing of beauty is a joy for ever. The public were charmed, and applauded heartily, despite the general rule of leaving all the applause to be executed by the knights of the chandelier, alias the members of the *claque*. No great stars figured in the cast; they were not needed. Auber's music was strong enough to attract and hold the public spell-bound without the support of big names in big letters. The artists were, however, equal to their task, though not ranking among the *sorinités* of the lyric stage. Mdlle Thuillier was an interesting Henriette; Mdlle Chevallier, a satisfactory Mad. Bertrand, the well-known duet, "*Allons encor Madam' Bertrand*," being so effectively given by the two ladies as to bring down the house and an "encore." Though hardly recovered from that formidable foe to vocalists, the influenza, which has been *enforce* rampant lately on the banks of the Seine, M. Nicot sang and played the part of Roger charmingly. The following lines from the pen of M. H. Moreno will be read with interest in connection with this revival:

"We are here in the domain of pure comic opera, with an occasional grain of sentiment, as the author of the *Domino Noir* knew how to introduce it in his most sparkling scores. It was with regret that he dwelt upon sentimental matters, feeling convinced that real or stage life ought to pass with as few tears as possible either in the eyes or in the voice. It is thus that he succeeded, young in mind and full of spirit, in defying his eighty years. He attached to the grandeur of this world only a relative importance, refusing the Senate to keep the Conservatory; recommending all his professors at once for decoration, so as not to favour any one of them; and never objecting to the cuts made in his operas, because, he said, what was omitted could not be hissed. If a troublesome intruder called at the moment of inspiration, Auber was never put out. It was useless for the intruder to make any excuses. 'Perhaps,' the musician would remark, 'I shall be indebted to you for not having written a page of mediocrity.' If any one expressed surprise at the spirit on which the witty and modest composer tried his compositions, he would say: 'When a piece of music sounds well on a thing like that, it can not be bad.' He would make twenty such sallies in a minute. His spirits were really inexhaustible. He played with witticisms, and, if his muse threatened to fall off to sleep, he climbed up like a school-boy to the second floor of his residence, where he had installed the humble furniture dating from the early years of his artistic life. 'When I am there,' he used to say, 'I once again find youthful ideas.'"

Punctually on the date, the 14th inst., long since announced, Mad. Adelina Patti commenced her series of twenty performances

at the Théâtre de la Gaité. The house was crammed from floor to ceiling, the prices asked and, in the majority of cases obtained, by the speculators in seats being something fabulous, though, it is true, a few of these gentry, who had been exceptionally grasping, were only too glad at the last moment to realise at "an enormous sacrifice," as advertising tradesmen say. All the literary and artistic celebrities of Paris were present. The reception at first accorded to the great singer-actress lacked that enthusiastic warmth to which she is accustomed elsewhere. The Parisians, as we are all aware, set up for being the great authorities in all matters connected with painting, literature, the drama, opera—in fact, with every possible conceivable thing, and wanted, may be, to air their own importance a little. So they put on, last Saturday night, a severely critical air, as much as to say: "Wait a minute, you inferior beings, you inhabitants of London, St Petersburg, Vienna, and the other barbarous cities of Europe; wait a minute! It is some time since Mad. Adelina Patti made her last appearance in the capital of the world, that is—of course—Paris, and we are not going to believe all you say about her voice being as beautiful and as marvellous as ever. Wait a minute!" So the opera, *La Traviata*, began under rather discouraging circumstances, and Mad. Patti seemed to be a trifle nervous. But, if she really was so, she quickly recovered her self-possession and soon convinced the would-be carpers that English, Russians, and Germans were right, and that she was still as ever inimitable. In fact genius, as usual, had its own way; effect followed effect; triumph trod upon the heels of triumph; till, in the last act, the *Diva* might truly have said, like Edmund Kean, "The house rose at me!" Some idea may be formed of the hold the actress ended by obtaining over the spectators from the fact that they absolutely encored a detached passage; the heart-rending cry, "Grand Dio, morir si giovane!" But then how was it given! About the other members of the company, it is as well not to go into details. Let it suffice to state that they are not such as opera-goers are accustomed to hear in the same piece as Mad. Patti. Nor could the *mise-en-scène* be compared to what people usually see in a respectable theatre. Surely, considering the prices of admission, the public had a right to expect something better, or rather—less bad.

The long promised opera, *Pétrarque*, in five acts and six tableaux, has at length been produced at the Opéra-Populaire. The libretto is by MM. Duprat and Dharmenon; the music by M. Duprat alone. The work cannot strictly be termed a novelty, because, though new to Paris, it was originally brought out at Marseilles in 1873 and achieved there a marked success. It will probably not be as fortunate here, where people object to it as old fashioned and belonging to a past age. *Le Ménestrel*, though far less severe than other papers, says:

"We have not the honour of being acquainted with the author, M. Duprat. All we know of him is what the public prints say, namely: that he is an amiable man and a son of the fervid city of Marseilles; and that, for a long time, he belonged, as an eminent surgeon, to that noble body, the navy—the aristocracy of the French army. We know nothing further of him, and yet, taking at hazard a few bars of his score, we fancy that, like another Cuvier, we can build up again his history thus: About the year of grace, 1850, M. Duprat quitted the shores of the Mediterranean to attend the lectures at the School of Medicine, Paris. He was a *dilettante* in the way that all the sons of the South are—that is, with passion. It was the palmy epoch when Italian music flourished at the Salle Ventadour, the golden age of music, the happy time when divine melody flowed broadly along like a river of milk and when composers of genius were compared to swans. Duprat assiduously attended the performances with all the fervour and all the radiance of twenty. It was thus that he felt the vocation for the art being born within him. How often did the austere precepts of his medical books change for him into musical staves, in which he stammered forth his earliest melodic efforts, at the point of the bistouri, while he heard voices crying to him: 'Thou, too, shalt be a great composer; thou, too, shalt deserve to be named after birds.' It was in this frame of mind that he embarked on board a vessel of the state for a long voyage, his head still filled with specimens of Bellinian sauvage and with the fumes of Rossini. Cradled gently upon the waves, his Muse gave herself up to him and *Pétrarque* was conceived! The voyage was long; it lasted thirty years ('Round the World in eighty days' had not then been invented); the man and his work found their hair white. During this time, musical ideas had been greatly modified in Europe. A

devastating breath had overthrown everything, sweeping away nearly all the ancient idols. A savage genius, a modern Attila, had forced himself upon people, destroying everything on his passage, but leaving a track of fertility and light behind him. While repudiating the excesses of the conqueror, there arose a new school more reflective, more uneasy, and consequently more human. The wanderer came back with all his ideas and dreams of other days; a few visits to Cochinchina and Senegal had not sufficed to modify his musical system. He ignored Berlioz, Wagner, and Schumann. The reader may conceive, therefore, the stupor caused among the Parisian public by this opera of *Pétrarque*, which produced on them the effect of a ghost draped in the clothes left by Donizetti."

The last sentence of the above applies not merely to the music. Even the libretto is modelled after one of Donizetti's, for the various portions of *Pétrarque* which resemble portions of *Lucia* are evidently not the result of mere accident. To judge by the applause on the first night, the new venture ought to be a great success. The composer's friends, excitable sons like himself of the South, filled the house and did all that in them lay to repeat the triumphs achieved by the opera at Toulon, Marseilles, and elsewhere. The work, moreover, was well put on the stage. The manager, M. Husson, the same who introduced it to the Marseilles public in 1873, had spared no expense in scenery and dresses. The artists exerted themselves most conscientiously. Mlle Jouanny, though perhaps a little overweighted, was an interesting Laura, and Mme Perlani an admirable Princess Albani, while M. Warot is to be commended for his impersonation of the great poet who gives his name to the piece. Still the result will, in all likelihood, prove Paul Bernard to have been a true prophet when he said that though this opera had flourished and glistened in the sunshine of the South, it would droop and die under the mists and fogs of the North.

M. Ed. Colonne, the well-known conductor of the Châtelet Concerts, has been created a Knight of the Legion of Honour, and M. Heyberger, chorus-master of the Société des Concerts of the Conservatory, an "Officier d'Académie."—Mad. Galli-Marié returned about a week ago from fulfilling an engagement in Naples.—The Corporation have voted a sum of 16,000 francs for the execution of the musical work which shall carry off the prize offered by themselves.—Offenbach has returned from Nice.—There is a remote possibility that *Benvenuto Cellini*, music by M. Eugène Diaz, book by M. Gaston Hirsch, may be accepted at the Grand Opera.—M. Jean Gustave Bertrand, the musical critic, has died aged only forty-five. Last year he became manager of the Théâtre des Nations, and lost all his property in the speculation. He was found dead in his bed; some say of an aneurism; others, of poison. Another death is that of Prosper Dérivis, the basso, formerly, like his father before him, a leading member of the Grand Opera. He made his first appearance in 1831, in *Le Siège de Corinthe*, taking the part previously sustained by his father. He belonged to the Opera for twenty-seven years. He fulfilled, also, various engagements in Italy, where he was highly successful, especially in Milan.

POPULAR CONCERTS.

How well chosen is the title of these admirable musical entertainments known as the "Popular Concerts" was convincingly demonstrated on Monday evening by the crowded condition of St James's Hall. . . . It would be difficult to point to a Continental audience comparable alike for numbers and soundness of musical judgment to that assembled in the great metropolitan concert-room upon the occasion of Professor Joachim's first re-appearance year after year on the scene of his many triumphs. The undemonstrativeness of the British public is proverbial amongst foreign artists who have never visited these shores, or who, engaged by English *impresarii* on the faith of their local reputation, have fallen short of the standard of excellence by which English amateurs are accustomed to measure vocal or instrumental performances. But genuine and warmly-expressed enthusiasm is never lacking to a London audience, when appealed to by artistic merit of the first class; and the reception accorded to Dr Joachim on Monday evening certainly left that gifted violinist nothing to desire in the way of cordial and vociferous welcome. His appearance on the steps leading to the platform was the signal for an outburst of plaudits that swelled into a very tempest as, followed by his colleagues, Messrs Ries, Zerbini, and Piatti, he advanced to the quadrilateral placed under his command for the night. Although Dr Joachim is Hungarian by birth and German by service and residence, he has been so frequent and cherished a guest in our Island home that Englishmen have come to regard him as one of themselves, and greet

him, upon each successive visit, with an affectionate warmth that cannot but prove how high is the place he occupies in their favour and esteem. We may, moreover, to a certain extent, claim him as compatriot; for his doctor's degree was conferred by an English University, and his position in British society is distinctly defined in our table of precedence. Were he, however, a child of our soil, in whose genius every Briton should be justified in taking pride upon purely patriotic grounds, no more lavish tribute of sympathy and admiration could have been offered than that which repeatedly moved him to grateful acknowledgment on this occasion.

Upon Dr Joachim's performance it would be supererogatory to dilate in conventional terms. The first of living violinists, he cannot play otherwise than in perfection. His leading of the two quartets (Beethoven, Op. 74, No. 10, and Haydn, Op. 64, No. 2), which constituted the *pièces de résistance* in the musical menu of the evening, was powerful, masterly, and instinct with rare intelligence. Both works are so familiar to *habitués* of St James's Hall that nothing remains to be said explanatory of their respective characteristics or illustrative of their intrinsic beauties. All the executants concerned in their interpretation strove in honourable rivalry to outdo one another in vigour and delicacy of manipulation. The result was a rendering of both quartets to which the most captious hypercritic could scarcely take exception. Bach's noble Prelude and Fugue in G minor, for the violin alone, has for very many years been a favourite *cheval de bataille* of the great Hungarian violinist.* It is not exaggerated praise of Dr Joachim to say that no other contemporary soloist can execute this glorious composition as effectively; and that he never played it better than at the seven hundred and second Monday Popular Concert. Its extraordinary complications, the despair of violin students, were explained to the attentive and enraptured ears of the audience with a consummate finish and sustained vigour that not only rendered them easily intelligible to every cultivated musical apprehension, but imparted the general impression that, after all, the chief characteristic of the prelude and fugue is masterly clearness of construction. No greater executive triumph could possibly be achieved by any wielder of the bow—unless, by the way, it be the *prestissimo* prelude to the *Suite* in C major, which the great and gifted Hungarian played in response to an "encore," for which, after a double re-call, the multitude of amateurs would accept no denial. This, in a word, was marvellous.

—HERR RITTER VON K.—

The pianist of the evening was Mlle Janotha, now a great popular favourite, who gave a *Polonaise* (in F sharp minor) by Chopin, and on being encored, substituted the *Lied ohne Worte* by Mendelssohn, variously denominated the "Bee's Wedding," the "Spinnlied," &c.—titles of which the composer himself was entirely innocent. With Mlle Janotha's Chopin we were somewhat disappointed; but she played Mendelssohn's characteristic piece with singular fluency and lightness of touch, to the manifest satisfaction of the entire audience, who called her back to the platform.

The singer, Mr Frank Boyle, a very promising young tenor, gave airs by Handel and Gounod, with much approval. Mr Zerbini (the "silent") was accompanist.

Theophilus Querc.

A DILEMMA.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—Was a "Dilemma" on a question of acute pain in the left elbow a genuine affair, or a trap to catch a sunbeam from a medical reader.—Yours obediently,

M. D.

[A genuine affair—real. Valladolid has done Mme Tir (née Pond) no good. The pain has shifted from the left shoulder to the right. She is now ordered (medically) to take apartments at Cordova, on the Guadalquivir, where Carmen lived. Hope it may benefit her.—D. B.]

There are to be grand doings at Moscow next August, including performances of Italian opera, national drama, with or without music, out-door *fêtes* of every kind, masked balls, &c., to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the present Czar's accession to the throne.

The opening of the new Operahouse at Frankfort-on-the-Maine, calculated to accommodate 2,000 spectators, is fixed for the first week of September next.

Lohengrin is in preparation at the San Carlo, Naples, where Wagner is at present residing. The first performance, it is stated by Neapolitan journals, will be directed by the ineffable composer himself.

* He first played it in England (1844), in the Princess's Concert Room, at one of the *soirées* given by Messrs Macfarren and J. W. Davison.—W. D. D.

THE LATE ORGANIST OF THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—I shall be glad if you will permit me to add a few remarks to the kindly notice of the late Mr James Coward, which appeared in your issue of January 31st, from the pen of Mr William Grist. Although, as has been pointed out, Mr Coward was something more than an organ player, he was best known to the general public, and will be chiefly remembered, by his marvellous playing on that instrument. His versatility and complete command over every style of music was most remarkable. The grand pedal fugues of Bach, the organ sonatas of Mendelssohn, the brilliant offertoires of Lefebvre Wély and Guilpant, the concertos, choruses, and airs of Handel and Haydn, movements from the instrumental works of Mozart, Beethoven, and later composers, came out as satisfactorily to the educated musician as did the selections from operas and effective rendering of lighter music and popular airs to the ordinary public. Musicians sometimes found fault with the programmes, forgetting that these were necessarily planned, not for the admirers of strict organ playing, but for the general audience to be found at the Crystal Palace. And yet, if one climbed up to the organ seat and asked for some special piece, the programme was readily altered, and almost anything that could be desired was played with masterly skill. Coward was one of the first to give on the organ excerpts from operas. The idea of giving operatic selections on so solemn an instrument as the organ caused no little excitement among the purists some twenty years ago. But the organ is the king of instruments, and on a large one possessing the great variety of effect and colour of tone of that at the Crystal Palace such a performance was really no more out of place than is any operatic fantasia with a full band. These selections were probably the most popular with the audience, and deservedly so. They gave one an excellent idea of the best numbers of the operas, skilfully set forth in an attractive manner. Perhaps Mr Coward's greatest forte was in extemporaneous performance. After the late Henry Smart, he was probably the finest extemporiser of his time. A daily item of the organ programme was "Extempore," and many thousands have listened with delight to these marvellous performances. To a perfect command over all the intricacies of harmony, he united a never-failing supply of melody, and thus was never at a loss for an idea, nor hesitated how to treat it. Nothing afforded him greater pleasure than to be given a *motif* for treatment; many a time have I written a short theme for him to extemporise on, and given a subject for fugal treatment. Here Coward was *facile princeps*. Like most of our great English organists trained in the strict school of Church music, he loved counterpoint, imitation, sequence, and all the various features of fugue construction; and he knew right well how and where to employ such devices. As one listened to these fine performances, when the master was in his best mood, it was difficult to persuade one's self that this scientific construction and masterly playing were impromptu, and not studied, and that the whole was only a momentary thought, so finished and perfect was the inspiration. His performances on the piano at the meetings of the City Glee Club, where he was pianist, were equally delightful, his improvisations on the pianoforte being as effective as those on the organ.

I beg you will also allow me to bear testimony to the readiness with which he would, if asked, reintroduce again and again any quaint bit of melody or uncommon fragment of harmony until one comprehended its peculiarity. Many of our musicians are jealous of their ideas, and interpret far too literally the aphorism, "*ars est celare artem*," concealing, rather than willingly explaining, the secrets of their art. As a church organist, Mr Coward's accompaniment of the service music was distinguished by quiet refined taste, the singing of the choir at St Magnus the Martyr, London Bridge (his last church appointment), showing the value of his method of training. Like many of our foremost musicians, incessant teaching and the round of various duties unfortunately left Mr Coward but little time to place his thoughts on paper, or to publish. His most important work is that entitled "Ten Glee and a Madrigal," a selection made from his numerous compositions in this department of the art; of these, no fewer than six gained prizes offered for competition by some of our great glee societies. Had he written no more than these, or his fine part-song, "Take thy banner," he would occupy no mean place in the glorious roll of our English vocal composers.

I may add that, besides holding the various appointments already mentioned, Mr Coward has been organist to the Sacred Harmonic Society, grand organist in the Grand Lodge of Freemasons, organist of St George's Church, Bloomsbury, and conductor of the Abbey Glee Club and Western Madrigal Society, besides conducting several private vocal societies. Mr Grist, one of Coward's old colleagues, who knew him well, has borne graceful testimony to his general worth. His numerous friends, pupils, and admirers can bear witness to his kindness of heart and devotion to his profession. The loss they have sustained will be long felt. The task of electing a successor to his old post will be one of no slight difficulty.—I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

T. L. SOUTHGATE.

Gipsy Hill, Feb. 5th.

MUSIC IN GLASGOW.

(From our own Correspondent.)

I find that in my hurried notice which appeared in your last Saturday's issue two facts were omitted which ought to have been recorded. Let me at once cry *peccavi*, and briefly make amends. I ought to have acknowledged the judicious management of the past attractive and brilliant series of choral and orchestral concerts, which was entirely under the guidance of the Council of the Glasgow Choral Union. The leading gentlemen—ten enthusiastic amateurs—of this Union, who direct its movements, deserve unqualified praise for the admirable manner in which they have discharged their important duties; let it be added, "without fee and without reward." The other omission was—I should have stated that the members of the Choral Union sang, with grand effect, the vocal parts of Beethoven's Choral Symphony. Mr Lambeth trained the choir, Mr Manns conducted it, and equal praise must be awarded to trainer and conductor. I have listened to many performances of this colossal work, and feel thoroughly satisfied that on no former occasion have I heard the notorious thirteen bars of high A so clearly and so firmly given in tune by the *soprani*.

Last Saturday evening the Glasgow Select Choir (conductor, Mr Archer) gave a concert in St Andrew's Hall. The audience might have been larger but certainly not more enthusiastic. On this occasion two new part-songs, specially composed for this choir, were for the first time sung in public, the first being from the pen of Mr Henry Leslie—"Homewards." I cannot say that I was particularly struck with it. Coming from such a pen, of course it must contain many passages specially suited to display the powers of an unaccompanied choir. The leading melody is not specially attractive, while the predominant harmonies appear somewhat faded. The effect on the audience was not great. Quite different was that of the other novelty, the veteran Mr J. L. Hatton's four part-song, "Chloe," which was received with enthusiasm and boisterously encored. It is a smart bit of writing, and was remarkably well sung. The encores at this concert were far too numerous, and the management would do well to keep superfluous repetitions under subjection. Macfarren's part-song "Autolycus' Song" was given, so far as the *soprani* were concerned, in pronounced fashion. The remainder needs no comment; it was in almost every instance well nigh perfect; and the few straggling imperfections need not be alluded to. On Saturday next a grand operatic concert, under the auspices of the Glasgow Abstinens' Union Directors, is promised. The chief artists are Mlle Irma di Murska, Mde Marie Roze, Mr Castleton, and "sundries." Of this and other matters I may have something to say next week. To-night (Wednesday) Mr Charles Hallé and his celebrated "Manchester Band" give a grand concert in St Andrew's Hall, with Mde Neruda as solo violinist. More anon as to this entertainment.

COPENHAGEN.—Mad. Norman-Neruda has announced her first concert for the 28th inst. On her way hither, she will play, on the 24th, at Cologne.

MOSCOW.—There are to be grand musical doings here in August. They will include Italian operatic performances to celebrate the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Czar's accession to the throne.

GOUNOD'S ROMEO ET JULIETTE AT VIENNA.*

At the Imperial Operahouse, Mdle Bianchi has sung for the first time the part of Juliet in Gounod's long promised opera of *Romeo*. It is one of the best things she has done. Her youthful appearance is here a very great advantage, the clear tone of her voice and the warm, unadorned expression of feeling combining with it to make up a graceful and satisfactory picture. That Mdle Bianchi resembles a German Gretchen far more than a daughter of the South is something for which no one will seriously think of finding fault with her. At the very first she hit off, in a surprisingly successful manner, the tone of child-like delight, of "first-ball feeling;" her eyes sparkled with innocent delight. Her little misfortune in a staccato passage, so high as to make one giddy, of the opening scene ("Ecoutez") was speedily forgotten, and is mentioned merely as a warning against such useless clap-trap feats, which so often prove failures. She sang the "Waltz" in the original key and with more virtuosity than we ever heard when it has been given by any other German lips; the last degree of polish was, it is true, wanting, but, so, on the other hand, were that seeking after effect and that challenging of approbation, which easily turn the air into something contradictory to Juliet's character. In the course of the part all the high passages sounded very beautiful; where the tone-volume of the deeper chords is requisite for the purposes of characterisation, as in the thunder-laden and sultry monologue of the first act, "C'était Roméo," and in some phrases of the love duet of the fourth, we missed the more expressive, sombre organ of Mme Ehnn. The entire garden-scene, in which Gounod has indisputably caught the tone of genuine, enthusiastic passion, and of the sweet anxieties of love, was played and sung with much warmth. In admirable voice, and models as to style, were Herren Walter (Romeo) and Bignio (Mercutio), while the progress made by Herr Schüttenheim (Tybalt) was unmistakable. A new barytone, Herr Schwarz, who was fearfully agitated, sang the small part of County Paris. We have praised Herr Rokitansky as Friar Lawrence so often, and have experienced such pleasure in so doing, that we may well be allowed to beg him not to weaken his admirable performance by such utter indifference in his acting as on the evening in question. Very evident in the betrothal scene, it rose to an inconceivable pitch at the important moment when Juliet, in consequence of the sleeping-drink, sinks to the ground, and all the marriage guests exclaim with horror: "Sie stirbt!" ("She is dying!") When this happens, Friar Lawrence ought not to be standing carelessly among the members of the chorus at the other end of the stage; he should be close to Juliet, who, yearning for sympathy, seeks comfort and encouragement from his looks; this is—if we may use the words of a reverend gentleman—his "verdammte Schuldigkeit." The whole scene, however, as at present arranged, has lost considerably in intelligibility and effect. As originally put upon the stage by Dingelstedt, in strict conformity with the Paris model, the marriage ceremony, during which Juliet sinks lifeless to the ground, used to take place, as it ought, in a large and festively adorned hall. At present, the County Paris and the marriage-guests crowd into Juliet's small bedroom, which Romeo has only just quitted, and hastily crown her with the myrtle wreath, after which she suddenly collapses from the effect of the sleeping-draught. Mdle Braga, a natty page, decked out the short serenade, which, as a bit of satire, ought to be given airily and humorously, with such a profusion of sentimental accents and deeply excoigated false contrasts, that we must conclude she is here the victim of a total misconception. Under Herr Hans Richter's direction, the performance went off precisely and well together and was favourably received. EDUARD HANSLICK.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The following is the programme of music given at the fortnightly meeting of professors and students on Saturday evening, February 14:—

Dix-sept Variations Sérieuses, in D minor, Op. 54, pianoforte (Mendelssohn)—Miss Devey, pupil of Sir Julius Benedict; Songs, "Maiden's Song" and "Were I a bird of air" (Ferdinand Hiller)—(accompanist, Miss Amy Hare)—Miss H. E. Harper, pupil of Mr Goldberg; Song (MS.), "The Whisper of the Wind" (Dinah

Shapley, student)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley)—Mr B. Davies, pupil of Mr Froust and Mr Fiori; Introduction, Adagio Molto, and Rondo—Allegretto Moderato, from Sonata in C, Op. 53 (dedicated to Count Waldstein), pianoforte (Beethoven)—Miss Amy Gell, pupil of Mr Walter Macfarren; Air, "O rest in the Lord," *Elijah* (Mendelssohn)—(accompanist, Miss Amy Hare)—Miss D. Harris, pupil of Mr W. H. Cummings; Andante con Variazione, from Sonata in A, Op. 47 (dedicated to R. Kreutzer), pianoforte and violin (Beethoven)—Miss Eckless and Mr W. Sutton (Professors' scholar), pupils of Mr Brinley Richards and Mr Sainton; Song, "Across the far blue hills" (Jacques Blumenthal)—(accompanist, Miss Dinah Shapley)—Mr Robert George, pupil of Mr F. R. Cox; Maestoso, from Sonata in G minor, Op. 42, organ (Gustav Merkel)—Mr F. G. Day, pupil of Dr Steggall; Recitation, "The Diverting History of John Gilpin" (William Cowper)—Miss Sherman Dale, pupil of Mr Walter Lacy; Song (MS.), "The Last Sleep" (Charlton T. Speer, student)—(accompanist, Mr Speer)—Mr Arthur Jarratt, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr Fiori; Allegro, from Sonata in C, Op. 24, pianoforte (Weber)—Miss Edith James, pupil of Mr F. B. Jewson; Song (MS.), "Miriam's Lullaby" (Max Schröter, student)—(accompanist, Mr Max Schröter)—Miss Norman, pupil of Professor Macfarren and Mr F. R. Cox; Prelude and Toccata, in D minor, Op. 57, pianoforte (Vincent Lachner)—Mr C. T. Corke, pupil of Mr Harold Thomas; Song, "The Golden Heart" (G. A. Macfarren)—(accompanist, Miss Eckless)—Mrs Buntine, pupil of Mr Fiori; Andante and Rondo Capriccioso, in E, Op. 14, pianoforte (Mendelssohn)—Miss Marion Palmer, pupil of Mr O'Leary.

Joachim.

IMPROVPTU.

Hurrah! our Joachim has come,
And so has better weather,
Now we've dismissed with right good will
Hans B. and fogs together.

Thrice welcome to Old England's shores,
As sweetest flowers in May;
"Hats off!"—we speak in England's name—
Prolong thy fleeting stay!

WETSTAR.

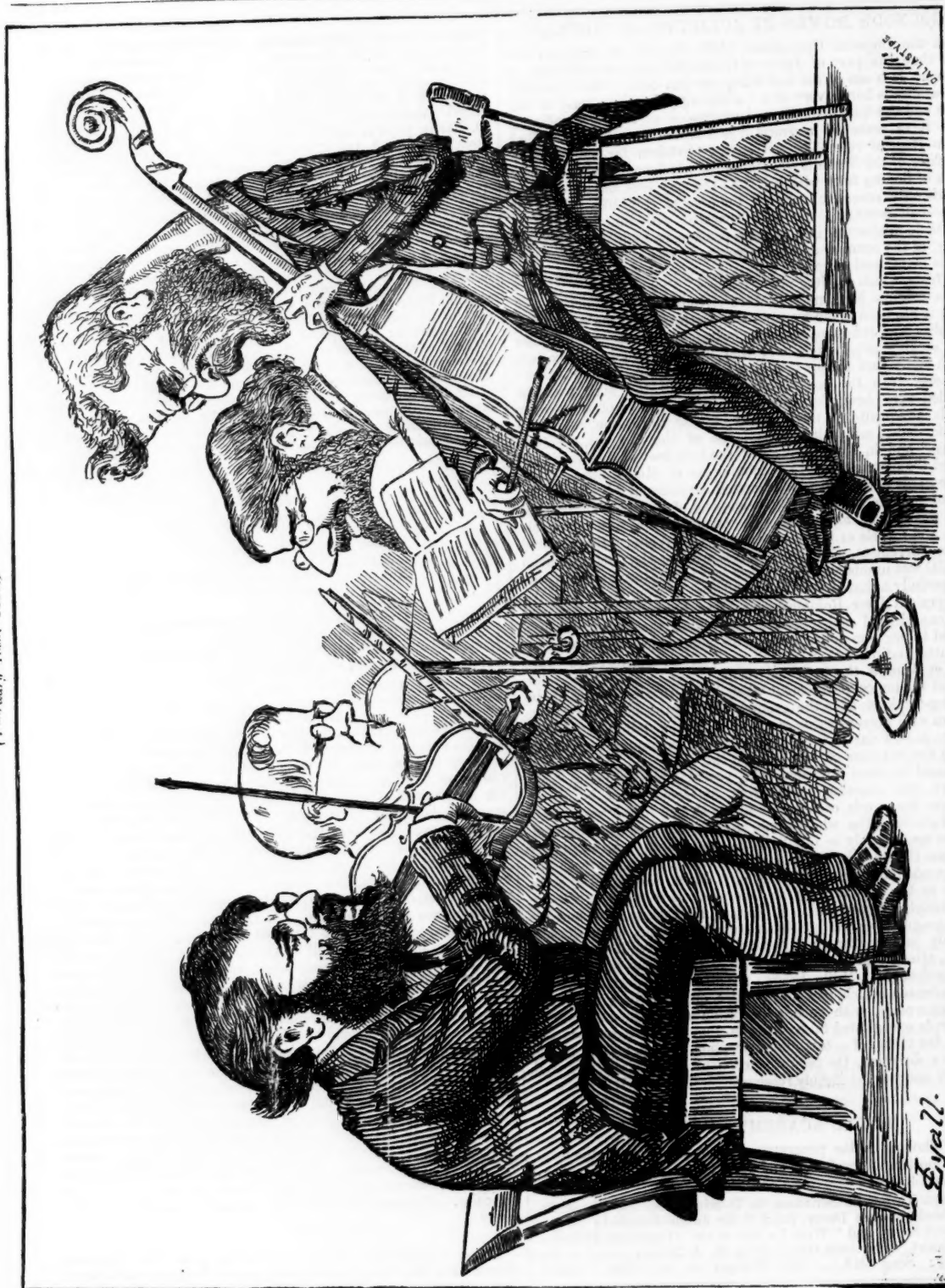
MR HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.—The first concert of Mr Henry Leslie's twenty-fifth season, though the entertainment was all that could be desired, brought with it some melancholy reflections. A quarter of a century, after all, measures but a small span of tenure for an institution which, like that of Mr Leslie, had every prospect of becoming permanent. The idea was intrinsically so excellent, and had obtained such general recognition among amateurs, that the literary introduction to the programme of the first concert in St James's Hall acted more or less as a damper on the genuine treat that ensued. Why such an institution, in the meridian of its existence, should be suddenly broken up it is by no means easy to explain. If the dissolution is simply the consequence of Mr Leslie's intended secession from the duties of what Jules Janin used to call "a public amuser," the choir, which he has so efficiently trained, might continue its labours under another chief, and "Le Roi est mort—vive le Roi" receive a new exemplification, in the person of his successor—presuming him to be worthy such a post. To replace Mr Leslie at the head of "Mr Leslie's own choir" would be difficult; but it is not impossible, and where there is a will there is a way. There was nothing new of any importance in the programme of the first concert, the most conspicuous features of which were the admirable performances of J. S. Bach's Motet in B flat (for double choir) and Schubert's beautifully impressive setting, for women's voices, of the twenty-third Psalm ("The Lord is my Shepherd"). The solo singers were Mad. Patey and Mr Joseph Maas. At the second concert we are promised, among other interesting things, Mendelssohn's music to *Antigone*, and Beethoven's violin concerto, played by Joachim. The programme in other respects is highly attractive.

LEIPSIK.—After being a partner for fifty-two years, Herr Raymund Härtel has retired from the renowned firm of Breitkopf and Härtel. For thirty-seven years he has, also, been a member, and for sixteen chairman, of the Leipzig Booksellers' Association.

* From the *Neue Freie Presse*.

Seben Hundred and Second Popular Concert.

(February 16th, 1880.)



Wohy!



**MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS,
ST JAMES'S HALL.**

TWENTY-SECOND SEASON, 1879-80.

DIRECTOR—MR S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

THE THIRTIETH CONCERT OF THE SEASON

Will take place on

MONDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 23, 1880.

To commence at Eight o'clock precisely.

Programme.

PART I.

PART I.	
SEXTET, in A major, Op. 48, for two violins, two violas, and two violoncellos (first time)—	MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, ZERBINI, PEZZE, and PIATTI.
AIR, "O God, have mercy"—	Mr MAX FRIEDLANDER
SONATA PASTORALE, in D major, Op. 28, for pianoforte alone	—Mr CHARLES HALLÉ.
	Deorak. Mendelssohn. Beethoven.

PART II.

SONGS, { "Aufenthalt" Schubert.
 { "Ich grolle nicht" Schumann.
 Mr MAX FRIEDLANDER.
 TRIO, in G major, Op. 9, No. 1, for violin, viola, and violoncello
 —MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, and PIATTI Beethoven.

Conductor—Mr ZERBINI.

FOURTEENTH SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERT of the SEASON.

THIS DAY.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, FEB. 21, 1880.

To commence at Three o'clock precisely.

Programme.

QUINTET, in D minor, for two violins, two violas, and violoncello—M.M. JOACHIM, L. ELLES, STEUBAN, ZERBINI, and PIATTI *Mozart.*
SONG, "As when the dove"—Miss ELLES, ZERBINI, and PIATTI *Handel.*
SONATA APPASSIONATA, in F minor, Op. 57, for pianoforte alone—Mdlle JANOTHA *Beethoven.*
SONATA, in G major, for violin, with pianoforte accompaniment—Herr JOACHIM *Tartini.*
SONATA in A-flat, Op. 55, for violin and pianoforte—Mdlle ELLES LAMB *Mendelssohn.*
QUARTET, in E flat, Op. 47, for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello—Mdlle JANOTHA, M.M. JOACHIM, STEUBAN, and PIATTI *Schumann.*

Conductor—Mr ZERBINI.

Stalls, 7s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, One Shilling. Tickets to be obtained of Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Mitchell, 33, Old Bond Street; Ollivier, 38, Old Bond Street; Lamborn Cook, 23, Holles Street; Stanley Lucas, Weber & Co., 84, New Bond Street; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; M. Barr, 80, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; and at CHAPPELL & Co.'s, 50, New Bond Street.

DEATHS

On February 8, Mr J. M. MOMBACH, Professor of Music, aged 66.

On February 14, at the residence of his son, Wilberforce Road, Finsbury Park, ROBERT FARQUHARSON (ROBERT FARQUHARSON SMITH), aged 60, the well-known vocalist.

MR HENRY JARRETT is in Paris.

CRYSTAL PALACE.—The performances of Beethoven's symphonies, in successive chronological order, commence to-day, under the direction of Mr Manns, and are to be continued weekly, closing on April 17 with the leviathan "Number Nine"—the "Choral."

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—At the second concert of the Philharmonic Society, under the able direction of Mr W. G. Cousins (too late for notice in this week's impression), M. Scharwenka played his pianoforte concerto in B flat minor, and a "concert-overture" (MS.) by Mr Harold Thomas, entitled *Mountain, Lake and Moorland*, was introduced for the first time. This time-honoured institution seems to have touched the earth, like Anteus—or, which is an equivalent, felt the pulse of the times, and thereby acquired strength and vigour enough to defy many an antagonistic Hercules, for years to come. Long may it survive!

THE most recent number of Grove's *Dictionary of Music and Musicians* contains a very interesting and exhaustive article on Mendelssohn, from the Editor's own pen, which gives it double value.

A high mark of distinction has been paid in his own country to Signor Schira, the eminent composer, so many years resident and esteemed among us. The King of Italy has, *motu proprio*, conferred upon him the rank of Commander of the Order of the Crown of Italy. There is no honour more prized and coveted than this by Signor Schira's compatriots.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

POLKAW.—How now? What's up? *Qu'est-ce-que?* The first, and the last, time of asking.

G. H. P. (Dublin).—Next week.

DR STABLE.—Pergolesi—not Pasiello (who went with Mozart in a coach). Pergolesi was but a feeble man, whereas Palestrina was a strong man—whereby hangs a tale.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1880.

THE MESSIAH AT VIENNA.

ENGLISH musicians and amateurs will read with much interest, and no little surprise here and there, the subjoined account, from the pen of the king of German critics, of a recent performance of Handel's sacred masterpiece in the Austrian capital, the city of the *Requiem* and the *Mass* in D.

No less than eighteen years have elapsed since the Society of Friends of Music last performed Handel's oratorio of *The Messiah*. This was in 1862, and in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Society. Despite the festive occasion, despite the admirable way in which the performance was conducted by Herbeck, and despite the favourable time of year (November), the public could not be made to feel any particularly warm interest in the grand sacred composition. Journalistic voices worthy of respect mingle, that year, with the most emphatic praise of the performance undisguised complaints of the "coldness" and "the critical demeanour of the audience," the reason for which, we were told, was to be found in various peculiarities characterising the work, *then partly unfamiliar to us!* At the latest performance at Candelmas the public displayed more warmth, and, if we take into consideration the extremely unfavourable circumstances of the case, we must joyfully acknowledge that both the performance and the result were extremely gratifying. In the first place, the time selected was doubly bad. An oratorio demanding from its hearers an especially serious frame of mind and staying power should never be given during the Carnival or in the morning, as on the present occasion. There is in the air of the Carnival something joyous, something which, unintentionally diverting and weakening our attention, obtains an influence even over people who do not dance, and harmonises badly with strictly sacred oratorios like Handel's *Messiah*. Just as an author or a composer must be careful to find in his work a good place for a good idea, theatrical managers and concert directors should have an eye to the appropriateness of the time selected for a performance. It is not every section of the year or of the day which fits every kind of music; when in proper unison with the latter the public feeling prevalent at the time will, as a welcome factor, multiply the effect lying within the work itself. At the Burgtheater, Kotzebue's farces are given only during Carnival, and *Der Müller und sein Kind* is reserved exclusively for All Souls' Day. Weber's *Aufforderung zum Tanze* is suited for a Carnival concert, and a sacred oratorio for Lent or Passion Week. It strikes us as being still more important that works of the magnitude of *The Messiah* should not be given at noonday, but in the evening; the morning distracts, the evening collects, our thoughts. Evening concerts always find the audience musically more susceptible, quieter, and, above all things, more inclined to sit a thing out. We listen with feelings of thorough interest to an oratorio from seven till half-past nine p.m., or later; the same amount of attention from half-past twelve to three or half-past is not to be expected from the well-known mode of life of the Viennese. Sixty years' experience ought to have taught the Society of the Friends of Music never on any account to give performances of grand oratorios except in the evening. Unfortunately, the Society is induced, by every kind of material pressure, to study all possible sorts of interests before those of music purely; social Artists' Evenings, Costumed Assemblies, Strauss's Afternoon Concerts—such are the objects which now absorb it, and with which exclusively musical considerations must contrive to get on as best they may. There could be only two rehearsals of *The Messiah*, the first on Thursday, and the

second not till Sunday. And under what circumstances! The "Costumed Festival" had lasted into the bright Sabbath morning; cleaning the room, removing the stage, the curtain, and the hundreds of chairs, benches, and tables, occasioned a little revolution, which had not concluded till long after the grand rehearsal of *The Messiah* had commenced. The rehearsal was still going on, when the preparation for Strauss's Afternoon Concert began. By a strange coincidence, too, on the days of the Society's Concerts fatiguing masses are, as a rule, performed in the Imperial Chapel, the musicians reaching more fagged than usual their desks in the concert-room. It requires all the indefatigable Kremser's physical and moral strength to get up, amid such obstacles, an oratorio like Handel's *Messiah*, and to give a successful performance of it. Generally, too, on the same day and as a surprise for the evening, an opera is put up in which the most indispensable oratorio singers are provided with parts. Of course, this bit of ill luck was not wanting on the present occasion any more than on previous ones. Herr Rokitsansky left *The Messiah* in the lurch, because another sacred office, that of impersonating Father Lawrence, in *Romeo and Juliet* devolved on him the same evening. Herr Walter, the Romeo, was more valiant, for he sang in the morning the tenor part in *The Messiah*, and sang it, too, better than he had ever sung it before. It would have been impossible to find a satisfactory substitute for him, far less any one who could compete with him in his marvellously fine rendering of the air, "Alle Thale." Our most grateful acknowledgments are due to Herr Borkowsky, for having so obligingly taken Herr Rokitsansky's place. Although connected in civil life with only "frozen music," he throws, by his admirable execution of the two extremely difficult bass airs in the first part, many a professional singer in the shade. Mad. Dillner brought to the soprano part the musical certainty and fine earnestness to which she has accustomed us. At first rather timid, she increased in warmth as she went on, till in the second and third parts she so worked on the audience that they burst out into loud applause. We willingly commend Mdlle Stahl's good intentions; but she does not yet possess sufficient power for a difficult Handelian contralto part, in which we have a lively recollection of Mdlle Bettelheim. The public manifested every sign of the most complete approbation and interest up to the "Hallelujah," after which, as was to be expected, its sympathy with the hunger of others, and its own, expressed itself by a general rising. The "Hallelujah," the culminating point of Handel's choral music in general and of *The Messiah* in particular, might, from a purely musical point of view, be well accepted as a grandiose finish of the work.

EDUARD HANSLICK.

Well, after all, we manage these things better in "un-musical England." *Be chesm!* On our eyes be it. "Then partly unfamiliar to us" is good, "The mobbed queen is good."

Septimus Mind.

AN ENGLISHMAN AT HOME.

"SIR PETER TEAZLE," alluding to a recent "glad event," writes as under in the columns of our magnanimous contemporary, the *Leeds Express*:—

I am delighted to know that the Leeds Festival Committee have succeeded in securing the services of Dr Arthur Sullivan as their conductor. Though a comparatively young man, being only thirty-eight, Dr Sullivan has proved himself to be a composer of the highest merit, in every class of music, except "grand" opera; oratorios, symphonies, overtures, illustrative Shakspeare music, songs, church music, and operetta—in all these the name of Sullivan has for some time been prominent. As a conductor he is regarded by those who have watched his career as possessing great ability; albeit, he is quiet and unobtrusive in the orchestra. No gymnastic exercises, no stamping of the feet, no loudly-expressed directions will he indulge in on the orchestra. All necessary instructions are given by him at the rehearsals. And this is as it should be. Against Mr Sullivan, I hear, were pitted Sir Michael Costa and the famous Viennese, Hans Richter; and many members of the Festival Committee were dubious as to the wisdom of the proposed change. There is one point, however, in the election of Mr Sullivan about

which I am particularly pleased: it is the fact that for an *English* Festival we are to have an *English* conductor. Too long have we in this country bowed down to foreign talent, even when it has been far inferior to English talent. On the selection of an Englishman as conductor over Costa and Richter an admirer of *Pinafore* sends me the following from that work, slightly altered:—

*We might have had a Roossian—a French, or Turk, or Proossian,
Or else I-ta-li-an.
But in spite of all temptations to go to other nations
We select an Englishman!*

P. TEAZLE.

Assuredly, by all means,

*For they themselves have said it,
And it's greatly to their credit.*

Now Mr Arthur Sullivan, besides your own oratorio, give us *The Woman of Samaria*, by that sunny man of Sheffield—

*Whose name 'tis good to pen it)
Was William Sterndale Bennett.*

You will, won't you? Assuredly, by all manner of means.


Otto Heard.

JOACHIM.

(From the "Graphic.")


The annual visit of Joseph Joachim is invariably a sign that music is bestirring itself among us, and the Popular Concerts form the stronghold of this incomparable artist, from which in persuasive tones and accents he preaches, with eloquence not to be resisted, the gospel of musical truth. Now at the zenith of his career and fame, he may, without hyperbole, be said to have reached the furthest limits of artistic culture, the *ultima thule* of all possible ambition to excel. That one maintaining the loftiest position on such legitimate grounds as Herr Joachim, wholly forgetful of his own personality in his devotion to the art of which he has long been the chosen high priest, should be estimated as he is estimated in this country, furnishes a convincing reply at once to those who, with imperturbable effrontery, persist in asserting that the English are not "musical"—and this in the face of the over seven hundred concerts of *quartets, sonatas, &c.*, which Mr Arthur Chappell has given in St James's Hall since 1859—an achievement without precedent in any country of the world. If not musical, indeed, how is it they understand, appreciate, and applaud with enthusiasm such a man as Joachim, who, while judged by sheer capacity, may lay fair claim to rank as the first "virtuoso" living, is actually no "virtuoso" at all, but, on the contrary, merges his own identity in that of the author he is expounding, for the edification of delighted audiences, charmed they know not and inquire not why, and regardless of the performer until his task is accomplished—as though Bach, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, or Mendelssohn had been holding converse with them directly, instead of through the medium of a faithful and inspired interpreter. At the end, true enough, the pent-up feeling allows itself audible expression, and the applause breaks forth spontaneously in due acknowledgment of unmixed and heart-felt satisfaction. Then, and not till then, people say to each other, "Ah! nobody knows Beethoven, or ———, or ———, or &c." (superfluous, inasmuch as Beethoven combines and absorbs the whole glorious company, having appropriated to himself all preceding art-phases and moulded them after his own peculiar and universal fashion)—"no one knows Beethoven like Joachim," which is neither more nor less than plain truth. Compare him, for example, with the greatest of "virtuosos," from Paganini and Liszt to Bülow and Rubinstein, and it cannot reasonably be denied that Paganini (who, by the way, seldom played any music but his own) was always Paganini, while, rare instances allowed for, Liszt is

invariably Liszt, Bülow invariably Bülow, Rubinstein invariably Rubinstein—no matter with what composer they may happen to be dealing; whereas Joachim, except for the accuracy and splendour of his play, wherein he surpasses them all, is never so much Joachim as simply and unequivocally the master on whose behalf he speaks. To employ a happy expression of Richard Wagner's, he is the chief "reproductive artist" of our age; for what Wagner says of Liszt—that to perform works as Liszt performs them is almost equivalent to having created them—would apply as strictly to Joachim as it applies but vaguely to Liszt, the astonishing pianist, than whom among public executants there was never, perhaps, one more arrogantly demonstrative, never one whose strongly-marked individuality, by force of its mere *raison d'être*, assumed more egotistical self-assertion. Joachim, on the other hand, with power and technical facility at least equal to those of his famed compatriot, persistently keeps his individuality in the background, unobtrusive almost to a fault. These facts, however, are pretty generally admitted by connoisseurs; and it only remains to add that, on Monday night, the renowned Hungarian violinist was once more greeted like an old and well-beloved friend by the vast assemblage of genuine music-lovers attracted through the magic of his name to St James's Hall, and that he played his very best—which means best of the best. His choice of quartets—Beethoven's "No. 10" and Haydn's (so accepted) "No. 2, Op. 64," both in the key of E flat—was eminently happy. The two works are so utterly different in style, that, rendered as perfectly as could be wished by Herr Joachim and his able coadjutors, Herr Ries, Mr Zerbini, and Sig. Piatti (the Joachim of the violoncello, as Joachim is the Piatti of the violin), both were listened to with rapt attention, and applauded with a warmth and unanimity not to be misunderstood. Herr Joachim's solo display was in the magnificent prelude and fugue from J. S. Bach's *Suite* in G minor, an exhibition of technical mastery (to speak of nothing else) almost unparalleled. The encore that followed was too emphatic to be disregarded, and, with his accustomed judgment on such occasions, the great artist added another movement by the same master—the rapid prelude to the *Suite* in C major. This, if possible, was even a more wonderful mechanical feat than its precursor, and the sensation it created may readily be imagined.



TO MISS JANOTHA.

MISS JANOTHA—respected Fraulein.—
Surely this means something:—



I intended it to mean something. Thank you much for playing my music; but the mere notes, *tempo giusto*, are as mere shadows. The passage is repeated several times. It means something the first time; more the next time; more the time following—and so on. Yours,

Frederic Chopin.

Ubi. Valentine's Day, 1880.

Mdme Gerard Coventry was the pianist at M. Dubois' concert, at the Royal Aquarium, last Saturday, and pleased so much by her performance of Mendelssohn's Concerto in G minor that she was called twice to receive well-merited applause.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

WITH Joseph Joachim come not only the "classical" masterpieces of art, but interesting novelties. The first of the expected unknown works is to be given on Monday, in the shape of a Sextet for stringed instruments, the composition of Anton Dvorak, of whom recently there has been much talk. We can answer for the fact that the Sextet, in so far as plan and development go, is thoroughly original.

MDME ALBANI is singing in Brussels. The secret of the cabal against the accomplished Canadian at Milan is well-known and rated at its just estimate. The Milanese amateurs were to be pitted, not Mdme Albani.—*Graphic*.

CONCERTS.

At the sixth concert of the ninth season of the Royal Albert Hall Choral Society, the oratorio was *The Messiah*, Mr Barnby being, as usual, the conductor. Mesdames Lemmens-Sherrington and Patey were the leading singers. Neither Mr Sims Reeves nor Signor Foli appearing, the former was replaced by Mr B. Lane, the latter by Mr Thurley Beale. Dr Stainer presided at the grand organ. At the next concert, on March 4, the programme will comprise Dr Ferdinand Hiller's "Song of Victory," the late Hermann Goetz's 13th Psalm ("By the waters of Babylon") and Mendelssohn's *Hymn of Praise*.

KILBURN MUSICAL ASSOCIATION.—On Tuesday, the 17th inst., this society gave the third concert of its second season at the Town Hall, Kilburn. The *pièce de résistance* was the charming operatic cantata *The Heire of Linne*, by Adolph Gollmick, the popular conductor of the Association. The chief characters in the cantata were sustained by Mdme Liebhart, Miss Marian Mackenzie, Mr Bernard Lane, Signor Adelman (in the absence of Mr W. F. Clare, through indisposition), and Mr Orme. The large audience testified by frequent applause its appreciation of Mr Gollmick's work, and of the artistic mode in which it was rendered throughout, thus confirming the favourable verdicts pronounced upon the cantata when given at St George's Hall, London, for the benefit of the West London Hospital, and also when rendered no less successfully by the Dublin University Choral Society. Mdme Liebhart, to whom was allotted the part of Elsie, was suffering from a cold, but nevertheless went bravely through her part, and received the flattering reception to which she is accustomed. Miss Marian Mackenzie, the young and talented gold medalist of the Royal Academy, was not less successful as Nourice. Mr Bernard Lane, Signor Adelman, Messrs Orme, Searle, Wake, Spitel, and Treherne sustained the remaining characters with marked success. And last, not least, the well trained chorus acquitted itself in a most creditable manner. Miss Gollmick, as usual, presided at the pianoforte, and, by never failing precision and good taste, contributed much to the success of the performance. The second part opened with Sir H. R. Bishop's ever popular trio and chorus, "The Chough and Crow." Miss Emilie Lewis gave "Forget me not," by Ganz. In the "Toreador's Song," from *Carmen*, Signor Adelman received a well-merited encore, as did also Mdme Liebhart for "Within a mile of Edinboro' Town." Miss Marian Mackenzie created quite a *furor* with Mr William Gollmick's song, "My old man." Mr Bernard Lane, encored for "Sweet Mignonette," by Berthold Tours, responded with "Once again." Bishop's part-song, "Sleep, while the soft evening breezes blowing," brought a highly successful concert to a close.

PROVINCIAL.

DEAL.—The series of entertainments given in the Walmer Theatre have not presented a happier result than that of Tuesday evening last. On no occasion has anything but success crowned the efforts of the contributors who have rendered pleasant so many winter evenings; but on Tuesday the announcement of a harp solo was a special attraction. Misses Dyne and Lena Dyne, ladies who had come from Dover specially for the evening, played Oberthur's adaptation of *Airs from Lucrezia Borgia* on the harp and pianoforte, and Miss Dyne contributed harp solos. Both were deservedly successful; the audience, in fact, being liberal in their demonstration of satisfaction. Miss Dyne is a pupil of Mr Charles Oberthur. Corporal Coulter, Sergeants Townshend, Johnson, and Davies added to the attraction of the entertainment by some spirited singing; the reciters were Schoolmaster Botting and Corporal Bocoek, the Misses Marshall opening each part by a pianoforte duet well executed. In short, it was one of the best of the Barracks Concerts remembered at Deal (to which the *Dover Chronicle* bears witness).

WANSTEAD.—The Duke of Edinburgh gave his patronage to a concert by the Wanstead Musical Society at the Merchant Seamen's Orphan Asylum on Wednesday evening, the 4th inst., on behalf of that excellent institution; and as the tickets were bought principally by the leading gentry of the neighbourhood, reason exists for thinking that the concert was a financial as it was an artistic success. Miss Anna Williams had volunteered her services, but indisposition prevented her from appearing. Miss Catherine Penna was thereupon telegraphed for, and, by the aid of this ever-ready artist, the programme was gone through without alteration. The chorus was numerous, and the orchestra comprised nearly sixty performers. Miss Catherine Penna sang "Angels ever bright and fair" in such a style as to win and merit unanimous applause. The choir gave Mozart's "Ave Verum," and the first part ended with Mendelssohn's "As the hart pants," Miss Penna highly distinguishing herself in the solos, as she did subsequently in the quintet with Messrs Gordon, Lewin, Forington, and Waters. The second part included excerpts from Rossini, Wagner, Bizet, Henry Smart, Macfarren, and John Thomas, the first named being represented by the still popular overture to *Tancredi*. Miss Penna sang "She wore a wreath of roses" with such genuine expression that an "encore" was inevitable. The other numbers, including operatic airs, ballads, part-songs, choral and orchestral pieces, gave much satisfaction. The concert was a real success.

ARTIST OR DILETTANTE?

(To the Editor of "Truth.")

SIR,—So far as I can see, you are the only person who, with keen insight and clear knowledge of the world, has looked beyond the mere outward circumstances of the case, and reduced the controversy between Mr Bancroft and the playgoers to its proper and legitimate meaning. Of course, the new manager of the Haymarket Theatre can do what he likes with his acquired property; he has a legal right to charge what prices he chooses; to turn the theatre upside-down and topsy-turvy; to make an order that no one can be admitted except in evening dress, or on the presentation of a certificate of responsibility; to provide embroidered hassocks and consoling foot-warmers; to overlay his temples with gilding, and overload his scenes with furniture. But what the obstructionists meant when they called Mr Bancroft to book was this: Is it not high time that some protest should be made against the modern fashion of encouraging drawing-room fastidiousness and debilitated art? I believe, Sir, that dramatic art is gradually falling off in its nerve, marrow, and sinew, and is being so pampered, petted, and spoon-fed, that it is rapidly developing signs of speedy softening of the brain. The want of applause is telling upon the system of the actor; the want of animation enfeebls the attitude of an audience. The more you reduce our theatres to the polished propriety of a *salon*, and to the hush of a fashionable assembly, the more hopeless will it be to obtain plays that deal with anything but the trivialities of commonplace life, and to obtain artists whose talent exceeds that of the fastidious amateur. This was all very well at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, where a new plan and an original theory were successfully carried out; it was fashionable to see small plays feebly enacted, to encourage the silence of a catacomb, to look upon laughter as bad taste, to turn round and scowl at anyone who dared to clap his hands, to unite the stage to a certain section of Bohemian society, to regard a public performance as a fashionable entertainment got up by amateurs for the aristocracy; but when it was proposed to introduce these tricks of dramatic *dilettante* to the oldest, the best established, and most popular theatre in London, and when the signs of an injurious exclusiveness were shown in the total abolition of the most popular seats in the house, then, Sir, I maintain that the public voice was rightly heard protesting against an anomaly and an insult. Why, Sir, I have been at the Prince of Wales's Theatre and seen the stall folk positively shudder at the contact of the rough but worthy souls in the pit. When at their backs they heard an honest laugh or a hearty cheer they turned round and looked upon the enthusiasm as if it emanated from wild beasts. The popular voice was sneered down by the cold and fastidious stalls until a death-like silence and tomb-like propriety prevailed in the theatre of fashion. This miserable apathy reacted on the performers. They underacted, they dawdled, they droned, and did nothing. The actors and actresses with power, intensity, and passion were dismissed. The Coghlands and the Kendals found that they did not suit the Prince of Wales's style; they let themselves go too much; they were too demonstrative for a drawing-room; in fact, they were as objectionable to the fashionable nerves as the enthusiasm of a human audience. Why, then, was the pit abolished at the Haymarket? Not, I affirm, because it did not pay, for that fact, so resolutely maintained by Mr Bancroft, can be contradicted on the evidence of the clearest figures; but because

the patrons of the drawing-room school of art did not want any noise, or applause, or feeling whatever at their backs. The Haymarket with a pit has paid over and over again; the Sothern performances all paid; Miss Neilson's engagement always paid; Mr John S. Clarke has made £5,000 by one successful season;* but a Haymarket with a pit would have necessitated a bolder and more robust style of art, and this Mr Bancroft was not prepared to give. I believe that this protest was made when it was found that the public voice was to be thrust out in order to foster and encourage an emasculated art. It had been hoped that the Bancrofts had decided to do for comedy what Mr Irving has done for drama—to take the people with them, to make the house throb and beat with genuine impulse and inspiration, to provide an entertainment that would not be for one class but for all classes, to revive, in fact, the spirit and the heart of a sound comedy. Had that been done, the people would have cheered from their benches as they do at the Lyceum in no sycophantic spirit, but in recognition of an honest intention honestly carried out. But what happened? The pit and the public did not suit the new school. They were not wanted; the further they were off the better; they made too much noise; they did not agree with the emotionless spirit of the age; they would be too critical to detect the feebleness of the entertainment, and too roughly censorious for the amateurishness that was to drown the old Haymarket in its milk-and-water; and so when, remembering what has been done within these walls for the furtherance and advancement of art in its most liberal sense, the public voice, no matter whether from pit or gallery, protested against this usurpation of modern dilettantism, the patrons of the recent Prince of Wales's Theatre turned round and called these honest fellows "roughs" and "rowdies." According to the modern acceptance of the term, everyone is a "rough" who expresses his opinion when he has a legitimate right to do so, and everyone is a "rowdy" who dares to interfere with the decorated decorum of a modern fashionable theatre. If it comes to a question of taste, I consider that those possessed more of it who allowed Mr Bancroft an escape from his dilemma and a free hearing, than those who so rudely and offensively resented a just cry for liberty as an impertinence. It is pleasant, no doubt, for dilettantism to have captured the Haymarket Theatre, and handed it over to amateur art, but it is not a little vexing that the men who love the drama in its widest and most expensive theatre should lose a place where they have enjoyed so many happy evenings and such exhilarating entertainments.

They can go elsewhere, says the pampered again. Can they, indeed? Where can they go, when they are driven out of one theatre after another by extravagant prices, and see playhouse after playhouse devoted to the feeble flights of amateur fledglings? It is so expensive, says Mr Bancroft, and I really cannot afford it! Of course he cannot afford to overlay every play he produces, and to overpay his company, but cannot he afford a wholesome theatre, a neatly arranged and well ordered scene, and with the balance saved cannot he procure the artists who can do justice to the plays that will be expected on the Haymarket stage? I refrain from saying anything about the performance of *Money*, but without going back to the palmy days or anything like them, it would be scarcely possible to find a more striking example of the electro-plate of dramatic art, or of an ambitious attempt to decorate the outside with tinsel and gold-foil in order to hide the worthlessness of the material within. Take my word for it, the further we banish the pit, and that is the public voice, the more debilitated will become this art of which we have become suddenly so enormously proud. I hear of young gentlemen, well-bred and well-cultured, rushing out of the professions to which they have been trained in order to earn extravagant salaries on the stage, and to attitudinise as actors. I hear of supernumeraries being engaged on the strict understanding that they have graduated at a university, or have passed out of a public school. And why? Is elocution improved? Is the Queen's English spoken better than it used to be? Are the merest rudiments of emphasis understood? Is there any heart or meaning in the so-called distinguished acting of to-day? Who are the people who want to go to school? Not the old actors but the young ones. And why is this? Because, as I am informed in an essay in a leading theatrical journal, "acting as it was ever understood is not required but only the training to walk through drawing-rooms like a well-bred gentleman." This is the frippery and the foppery that your audiences of stalls immediately encourage; this is the counter-skipper gentility that passes for acting with those who won't tolerate the noisy and sound-headed pit at their backs; these are the mutual admiration societies that increase and multiply under the silent system of the theatrical drawing-room; and this is why muscular and manly plays are never written, and why sensitive and nervous acting is rarely seen. I believe from my heart that it was this affectation that was at the root of the protest of the Haymarket pit,

* And Mr Sothern—and Lord Dundreary?—W. D. D.

when they found that a manager of experience, talent, and energy, proclaimed his fifteen years' history in order to throw in with the dilettante and to throw over art. Yours,

AN OLD FASHIONED FELLOW.

OURSELVES.

The controversy about *Ourselves* has terminated as we (and, in fact, every one) expected, in the triumph of its keen and many-visaged author. Let the letters subjoined tell their own tale. They are all addressed to the Editor of the *Daily Telegraph*.

MONEY AND MACREADY.

SIR,—Allow me space for a postscript to my last letter. Mr Walter Gordon writes to inform me that "he has often heard Mr Howe tell the story" given in my letter, "but with this variation," namely, that it was *The Lady of Lyons* and not *Money* that failed on the first night. Mr Gordon says: "*The Lady of Lyons*, produced at Covent Garden Theatre"—"I was wrong in my play and my theatre, quite immaterial to the argument"—"was at first a failure. After a few nights, Mr Macready determined on withdrawing it; but Mr Bartley, who was the stage-manager"—"I knew I was right in my Bartley or Bartlett being stage-manager"—"strongly opposed this; so the play continued in the bills, and became a great success." *Nomine mutato fabula narratur de Lady of Lyons*. The management stuck to the piece, and the first night's verdict was absolutely reversed. That, and only that, as a fact, is what I advanced in protesting against the treatment which *Ourselves* received at the hands of the Vaudeville management. And now, we have arrived at the correct version of my case in point, I shall no further trespass on your courtesy for even so much as a *pauvre postscriptum*.—Yours faithfully,

F. C. BURNAND.

This virile statement shows the creator of *Ourselves* to be right in his principle, even though wrong as to certain insignificant details. Moreover, the communication of Mr Walter Gordon has provoked the retort courteous (if not the quip modest) from Mr Henry Howe:—

HOWE—GORDON?

SIR,—I have seen a letter from Mr Burnand in your issue of to-day, in which he says I told him the comedy of *Money* was a failure on the first night of its representation at the Haymarket Theatre. I am very sorry he should have fallen into such a mistake as to the particular play; it was the *Lady of Lyons* that I told him Mr Macready thought of withdrawing, not on account of its failure with the audience, but from the universal attack upon its merits by the public press. There was slight disapprobation at the end of the fourth act; but the whole representation of *Money* was a great success. Mr Bartley never was stage-manager at the Haymarket Theatre.—Yours faithfully,

HENRY HOWE.

The thing now resolves itself into a Gordon-Howe question, which is thus peremptorily precipitated by Mr Maddison Morton into a Box-Cox question:—

PRECIPITATE OF MADDISON MORTON.

SIR,—I did not happen to see Mr Burnand's first letter which appeared in your columns on the subject of his comedy, *Ourselves*, but, judging from "Link Boy's" reply to it, I presume that the position which Mr Burnand took was to this effect—that the ultimate success of a drama cannot be always accurately predicted from its first or even its few first nights' representations. Of this I had a somewhat remarkable proof in the instance of my farce of *Box and Cox*. On arranging the programme for the week following its production, M^{me} Vestris said, "Anything but *Box and Cox*." She was, however, overruled (not by her husband, poor fellow, you may take my word for it), and it was determined to give the piece another week's trial. The result was a sudden and brisk run on the private boxes at about ten o'clock in the evening, and the farce escaped being strangled at its birth. Now, Sir, if the lady had had her own way (and it was always long odds that she had) I should have lost a good deal of money, Messrs Buckstone, Harley, and other low comedians two good parts, managers good half prices, and the public many a good laugh. Your obedient servant,

Feb. 14.

JOHN MADDISON MORTON.

How (Howe) as to the residuum? There is here no sign of a strawberry-mark on the left shoulder. If everybody was as outspoken as Mr Maddison Morton the world would be the richer by an argument. Nevertheless, *Money* was a failure at the beginning of its career seeing that it brought no ditto to the treasury; nor was there a week of impenetrable fog which vexed ourselves as it vexed the author of *Ourselves*, becoming, so to speak, a thorn in the side of James or (more plainly) a jame in the side of Thorne. We congratulate Mr Burnand, and hope ere long to judge *Ourselves* for ourselves.

Ditto Beard.

AIDA AT CARL ROSA'S.



On Change.

DR SHIPPING.—Well, *Aida* in English?
DR QUINCE.—Brilliant success. Bravo Henry Hersee!
DR SHIPPING.—And Minnie Hauk?
DR QUINCE.—Perfection. And Maas?
DR SHIPPING.—Worth a dozen Schottis. And Yorke?
DR QUINCE.—Emphatic! And Ludwig?
DR SHIPPING.—Not to be sneezed at. And the orchestra and chorus?
DR QUINCE.—First rate! Bravo Randegger!
DR SHIPPING.—I should like to be buried alive with Minnie Hauk —
DR QUINCE.—Like Quasimodo with Esmeralda?
DR SHIPPING.—No—like Radames with Aida.
DR QUINCE.—Oh! that Verdi—he's a genius!
DR SHIPPING.—Verdi? You mean Wagner. *Aida* is Wagner's masterpiece.
DR QUINCE.—True; I forgot. What "infinite mélôs"!
DR SHIPPING.—"Mélôs," and no mistake. It is—
DR QUINCE.—Divine! Bravissimo Carl Rosa!
DR SHIPPING (sings).—"Carly is my darling," &c.
[Exeunt severally.]

KUHE'S FESTIVAL.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—They are doing up my Hotel, so I have left Stony Stratford to pass a week at Brighthelmstone. The first thing Bacon said, as I ordered my dinner, at the Old Shop, was—"Are you attending the Festival?" I answered—"Very possibly." "Mr Kuhe's accustomed annual Brighton Festival"—Bacon continued, solemnly—"has been going on successfully all the week since Tuesday." Taking my "constitutional" leisurely, I met your correspondent, Mr Groker Roores. Roores prefers conveying his general impression of the entire proceedings in a single and exhaustive survey, which he promises you shall have for the next issue of the *World*. Meanwhile, he told me confidentially: "Kuhe is going on swimmingly, and I take it that his festival will be a great, as I am sure it will be a deserved, success. He, and Henry Leslie, composer of *The First Christmas Morn*, dined with an exalted personage at Mutton's. Either quaffed to other. 'Une fraîche brise nous répare'—said Shaver Silver from another table. 'On oublie, on s'échale, on se renouvelle'—replied the exalted personage, from his own napkin. Kuhe did not quite understand, and Leslie, asking suddenly—"How about *Naaman*?"—emptied his beaker and quitted Mutton's precipitately. Don't tell this to Cherubino, or it will be in next number of *Figaro*." Thus much Roores, who pledges his word to ample particulars, for the *hustaine*. I looked in at Mutton's. There were no oysters, but Shaver Silver left for the "metropolis," to see and hear Harold Thomas by mountain, lake, and moorland, worship Scharwenka, and cast wistful eyes at Minnie Aida Hauk, in the underground sepulchre, with Joseph Radamès (not "Roddames," as Mr Carl Rosa's high priest pronounces it) Maas. I bore him company and forgot my dinner at the Ship—where, by the way, Dr Shipping is staying for a while. I returned, however, by the last train, and shall see Roores in the morning; he is coming to breakfast. I will keep him up to the mark, and mail his letters (dispatches?) myself.

TIDBURY HOWE.

At Bacon's, Feb. 19.

MR ARTHUR SULLIVAN leaves New York for England a fortnight hence. He has accepted the offer of the Leeds Committee to conduct their Festival, for which he is writing his new oratorio.

Our great English violinist, Mr J. T. Carrodus, is engaged by the General Manager, Mr W. Morgan, as leader and solo violinist at the concerts in the Blackpool Winter Gardens. This alone should be an attraction.

UNPUBLISHED LETTERS OF MENDELSSOHN.

(Continued from page 107.)

"Leipzig, 29th March, 1839.

"MY DEAR SIR,—Mr Hiller, to whom I communicated the contents of your last letter, has requested me to send the parts of his two overtures, that they might be performed at the Philharmonic Society. I send those parts which belong to the concert here, and beg you will send them back as soon as you do not want them any more, directed to the 'Direction der Abonnément Concerte, Leipzig.' We shall want them next September, not before that time. You will find all the parts of the two overtures and the score of that in D; I could not send the score of the other which I had not here.

"I hope to be able to send you a very extraordinary and excellent symphony of F. Schubert, the famous composer, which we performed here at our last concert with great applause. I have written to Vienna to get the permission of sending the work to the Society, and shall send it immediately, if allowed to do so. Believe me, always, yours very truly,

(Signed)

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

"P.S.—May I ask you to send the enclosed parcel to J. Alfr. Novello, 69, Dean Street, Soho."

"Leipzig, 23rd April, 1839.

"MY DEAR SIR,—I hope you received the two overtures of F. Hiller, which I sent to you for the Philharmonic Society's performance some time ago.

"I send you to-day, for the same purpose, the parts of the symphony of F. Schubert (the celebrated ballad composer), of which I spoke in my last letter. It is a very extraordinary composition, which has created an uncommon sensation amongst the musicians here; I should strongly recommend you not to repeat the first part of the last movement, perhaps also not of the first and the second part of the Scherzo. The slow movement, and also the beginning, will be favourites with you, I believe.

"Breitkopf and Härtel, the music publishers, have bought the copyright of this symphony, and have been quite ready, at my request, to allow its being performed at your Society before the publication, but they rely on your and the Society's honour that it shall not be used to any other purpose than this performance, and that nobody else will get a copy of it in England.

"They beg you will return these parts immediately after you used them, which I promised them would be (at latest) early in July. Believe me, always, very truly yours,

(Signed)

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

"(Pray send the enclosed letters to their directions.)"

"G. W. BUDD, Esq., Secretary to the Philharmonic Society, London, 115, Pall Mall.

"Interlaken, 27th August, 1847.

"SIR,—I beg you will present to the Directors of the Philharmonic Society my best thanks for their flattering invitation to write a symphony for them, to be performed at the concerts of the next season. Indeed, if I had finished such a work there could be no question as to my sending it with pleasure for such a purpose, but I regret to say that I have no symphony ready at this moment, and my occupations will be so numerous during the course of the next months and the winter that I know beforehand that it will be impossible for me to be ready for next season with a work which ought not to bear the least mark of the hurry and bustle in which I shall have to live. I have, therefore, to beg you will express my sincere regrets to the Directors, and have the honour to be, sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed)

FELIX MENDELSSOHN BARTHOLDY.

—o—
WAIFS.

Aida has been performed at Charkoff.

Abert's *Astorga* has been produced at Gratz.

Señor Sarasate played on the 12th inst. at Hanover.

Suppé's *Boccaccio* has been performed in Strassburgh.

Mr Josiah Pittman has gone to Brussels on special business.

Offenbach is writing a buffo opera, *Le Chevalier de Boufflers*.

Il Guarany is in preparation at the Teatro Brunetti, Bologna.

Mlle Grossi has again seceded from the Imperial Operahouse, Vienna.

Sig. Antonacci, of Naples, has completed a new opera, *Pazzo sfrenato*.

Dimitri Orloff, the Russian tenor, will visit London in the summer.

Amalia Bassi, an infant phenomenon, aged seven, lately made her debut at Turin.

Signora Bianca Donadio is engaged for six or eight nights at the Teatro Bellini, Naples.

M. Emil Sauret has accepted a violin-professorship in the Berlin Conservatory of Music.

The Boston (U.S.) Handel and Haydn Society announce *Israel in Egypt* for Easter Sunday.

A new operetta, *La Tela de Araña (The Cobweb)*, by Señor Nieto, has been given in Madrid.

Mad. Ilma di Murska commences an engagement on the 1st April at the National-Theater, Pesth.

An old opera, *Il Mantello*, by Felice Romani, has been revived at the Teatro Nazionale, Bologna.

An Italian operatic company, under the management of Sig. Cagli, have been singing at Hong-Kong.

Dr Wilhelm Rust has succeeded the late Professor Richter as Cantor at the Thomas-Kirche, Leipsic.

The overture to Martin Roeder's new opera, *Pietro Candiani*, has been performed several times in Novara.

Anton Rubinstein's "Ocean Symphony" was performed at the second Harvard Concert, Boston (U.S.).

Lohengrin is being rehearsed at the San Carlo, Naples, and Wagner will conduct the first performance.

Count Witgenstein, composer of *Die Welfenbraut*, has finished a new opera, *Kleopatra*, libretto by Mosenthal.

Johannes Brahms has accepted an engagement to play at a concert of the St Petersburg Russian Musical Society.

Seila, the first opera of a young composer, Sig. A. Coronaro, has been produced at the Teatro Ertenio, Vicenza.

Le Donne Curiose will be produced in Lent at the Politeama, Genoa, under the direction of its composer, Sig. Usiglio.

Anton Rubinstein's latest opera, *Kalaschnikoff, the Merchant of Moscow*, will be brought out in St Petersburg next month.

The once popular operatic singer, Honoré Grignon, died lately at Longjumeau, aged 80, having retired from the stage in 1856.

Herr D. Popper, the violoncellist, having concluded a tour through Switzerland, proposes making one through North Germany.

The opening of the new Operahouse, Frankfort-on-the-Maine, capable of accommodating 2,100 persons, is fixed for the 1st November next.

A new three-act operetta, *Le jeune Télémaque*, words and music by three natives of the town, is preparing at the Théâtre des Célestins, Lyons.

A young Hungarian pianist, Mlle von Ravasz, pupil of Franz Liszt, has announced a concert for the 2nd March, at the Sing-academie, Berlin.

A new novel by "Rita," author of *Vivian, Like Dian's Kiss*, &c., will shortly be published by Messrs Sampson Low & Co. It is entitled *Countess Daphne*.

The *Guide Musical* says that Mlle Jenny Howe is a member of a Belgian family, and a pupil of M. Bonheur, professor of singing at the Conservatory, Ghent. (Impossible!—DR BLIDGE.)

The prospectus of the fourteenth season of the Schubert Society is just published. The objects of the Society, which are set forth in appropriate terms, are excellent, and every amateur must cordially wish it success.

I CANNOT SAY.*

"Why do you love me, Lillian sweet?"

I ask'd in boyish days;

With half a blush and half a smile

She met my eager gaze.

And then, in soft, coy tones, she said,

"You shine above life's way,

For me, a morning star of bliss,

But why I cannot say!"

"Why do you love me, Lillian sweet?"

I ask'd, as years roll'd by;

And our fond hearts had long been

link'd

By Heaven's most holy tie.

She said, "The blossoms love the dew,

And the warm sunbeam's ray;

You are to me as dew and sun,

But why I cannot say!"

"Why do you love me, Lillian sweet?"

I ask'd once more, as we,

With locks which time had silver'd o'er,

Drew near eternity.

Then shone there in her failing orbs

A sweet and trustful ray:

She said, "Love's eve is as Love's morn,

But why I cannot say!"

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SARAH ANN STOWE.

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